The Maidens complaint of her Loves inconstancie; Shewing it forth in every degree:
Shee being left as one forlorne,
With forrowes shee her selfe to adorne.
And seemes for to lament and mourne.

To a delicate new tune.





Y Da Paios and wines, and women kind, Gine eare, and you thall heare my wind, A false Poung, mans incontrance:

For which I figh, and sob, and weepe,

To see false men no faith can keepe.

I lone inhere I have cause to hate, buth is my foolish fickle state, opp time I spend in griefe and twoe, withich, sure will be my overthrow:

I sigh, and sob, and then doe weepe,

For that salse men no faith can keepe.

Matefall inzerch, and most bakind,

To beare so false and wicked mind:

It makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,

To see false men no faith can keepe.

Dee's fied and gone, for which I grieve,
I with no wathen him beleins,
first be with tempting speeches will
weeks others now for to beguite:
That they with me may sigh and weepe,
And say that men no faith can keepe,

Shall I be beand that may be free re shall I love them that love not mat a complained in fee I complained it fee I complained it fee I complained in the state of the state of

Which makes me fob, and figh, and weep,
To fee that men no faith can keeps,

O shall I weepe, of thall I sing e
I know not indich will stemmening:
If that I weepe twill breed my paine,
I that I sing swill ease my batter.
Therefore He sigh, and sob, and weepe.
To see false men no such can keepe.

The Jeinel's lost, the thiefe is fire, And I lie twomaded in my bed: If to repent I should begin, Therefore Ile figh, and fab, and week. To fee false men no faith can keepe.

For mind to him thus alleates from, for tohich it note have confe to the second from the face, the pathes of Capick mas a Fornow I ligh, and fob, and weep To fee falls men no hith can keeps

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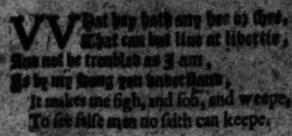
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The second part,

To the same tune.







I connot take my quiet rell.

Co thinks on him that I lon's bell :

Connetimes when I one thinks to flarps,

Then thought of him makes me to weep:

I cannot choose but figh, and sob,

To thinks of him that doth me rob.

District indeed he robbeth ind,
Of my content and libertie t

The heart can now no comfort find,
To thinks on him that proves busines.

I cannot chuse but sigh and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.

Ap hear both alie, mine eyes are lose, and a can find no holpe therefore:

And a can find no holpe therefore:

Ap holy's faint, and a am meake;

Ap tongue is tred a cannot speake;

Yet fill I figh, and sob, and weepe,

To see that men no faith can keepe,

To fee that men no faith can keepe.



Dis tempting eles, and imiling lookes, poin feems to me tike baited bookes, withich are but late for to betray.

The fift that's group of his prep:

Therefore I fob, and figh, and weeps,

To fee that men no faith can keeps.

We are me with me became in place,
We are me with his armes imbrace;
We hill me sort, and fivore that be
Mould never have no one but me:
Yet now he makes me fob and weepe,
To fee that men no faith can keepe.

Untill my fanour he bis get:

But him bucertains I doe find,

And changing like the wanteting wind:

Which makes me figh and fob, and weepe,

To fee that men no faith can keepe.

De tomo to beare a faithfull mino,
But he is otherwise inclin's:
De now noth seeme as Grange to me,
3 cannot have his companie:
Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.

This seemes my Loue to bee me ferring, the berefore He bere conclude my Song ? He never trust salls men no more, for which I figh, and sob, and weepe, To see that men no faith can keepe.

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FINIS